

One afternoon in winter, a long, long time ago, a train arrived in	14
our town. That of itself is not news. It was not then, and it would	28
not be today. But on that train that drew into the South Side Station	43
on that that December afternoon was a certain man and his bride. The	57
story goes that this youth, for he was no more than that, wore a collar	70
much too big for him; and his suit looked as though it might have	83
been worn many times, possibly by someone other than him. If the	96
young man had been alone, he would have walked from the station,	109
across the bridge over the river to one of the smaller hotels or boarding	124
houses, put up for the night, and gone about his way as many others	138
were doing at that time.	143

But he had a young bride with him, and she was dressed in her	156
very best. The city streets were heavy with slush, for it had been	170
snowing and raining. Instead of walking the city streets, he hailed a	184
cab and ordered the driver to take them to a hotel in the center of	198
the city.	200

The couple had come to our good town because the young man	213
had been offered a position in a mail order house that seemed more	226
promising for advancement than the job he had held in the general	239
store in a little town rather a good distance away. After reaching the	254
hotel and making the necessary reservations, he left his young bride	268
while he set out to see about the new job. In all too short a time,	281
it seemed to her, he returned. She had expected that he would be	295
taken on at once and, therefore, would not be back until much later	308
in the evening. Why had he returned so quickly to the hotel?	321

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